

Going For a Spin

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Summary: Later in life Hiccup and Astrid share a quiet thoughtful moment with one another and glance back over their lives together and the love they share.

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Goodness I wrote this so so long ago. I never uploaded it to fanfiction don't know why its been up on dA for months. Its inspired by a piece of fan art someone did; there's a link to it on the story on dA. Its the first story that comes up if you type in Hicstrid fyi if you're interested in seeing it. Enjoy!

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><p>They were older now, oh how things had changed. Astrid gently strokes her husband's now rugged face. Years of flying and smithing had made him strong, he had never lived up to his father's size, but the image of a talking fishbone was far off in the past. Astrid too, knew that she had changed, her face wrinkled and her hair had begun to gray. Life had aged them.<p>

However, as Astrid gazed into Hiccup's eyes, she was not sorrowed at the concept of aging. There had been close calls of course, he had scar on his nose to prove it from the time he'd almost been mauled by a bear. The longest claw just barely scrapped his nose as toothless tackled the creature. Hiccup had been twenty-two and she'd been seven months pregnant and none too happy when he husband had stumbled in bleeding._ Aw! The clumsy antics of our youth,_ she thought. Hiccup hadn't had any accidents of the sort in years.

But those eyes held the same strength and life as they did the first time she had ever allowed herself to stare into them in childhood. Childhood now was just another fleeting memory. Of sunshiny afternoons next to glinting water amongst the thick forests that smelled sweetly of pines. Hiccup's eyes travel her face up and down.

Astrid takes his face in her hands and kisses him. His beard tickles her chin. She smiles slightly into the kiss. They pull apart and lean their foreheads against one another. "Your eyes are still beautiful as ever, my sweet," Hiccup murmurs. My sweet, he'd begun calling her that sometime before the birth of their first child. She always had cravings for honey while pregnant.

Astrid grins deviously grasping onto his fur vest. The air was chilled from the wind up on this rocky crag. The pair had flown up here on Toothless to watch the sun go down. "You know it's a shame not one of our children inherited them," he told her. Four of their sons had the forest green irises of their father, the eldest carried the piercing gray stare of his grandfather, and they would serve him well in years to come when he became the next chief. Astrid shrugs in reply. "Who knows," he continued, "Maybe one of the grand kids will have them."

For some reason Astrid cannot help but throw her head back in laughter. Hiccup sits erect, "What's so funny," he says inquisitively.

"Were so old," she blurts still laughing. Hiccup shakes his head cracking a lopsided grin. "Oh come on we're not that old."

"Oh we're not, then why were you just speaking of grandchildren, face it Hiccup, we're old." Slowly her laughter settled down and Astrid sighs and stares at the man whose lap she was sitting in. From the fishbone to the burly man sitting before her, she had loved him for such a long time. It had been during that conversation they'd had on that platform overlooking the sea. She had remembered what he said then and had never forgotten.

Astrid leaned into him and nestled her head against his shoulder. Her hands still gripping his vest. She then realized something, "Hiccup, when did you first fall in love with me?"

He chuckles wrapping his arms around his wife, "I thought I told you this already."

"Yes, but that was long ago and I have forgotten." His grin widens and he lays his head on hers.

"We were five and it was spring time. The last snow had just melted and all the plants and flowers had bloomed. Your mother had braided flowers in your hair." Hiccup pauses to take a breath, taking in his wife's scent. "And Tuffnut made fun of you saying you looked like a weak little girl and you socked him in the face. The sight of you standing there, arms crossed, red the face, I couldn't help myself I was smitten."

"I still cannot believe that was when, I hated those damn flowers but my mother was convinced I looked adorable with them."

"She wasn't wrong." Astrid punches him in the bicep. He only flinches slightly having built up immunity over their decades together. "I love you," he whispered gently in her ear. She lets go of his vest and wraps her arms around his neck. "Me too," she mumbles. The wind blows nipping at the little bits of the pairs' exposed skin. The sun slowly sets behind them. They had grown older, but not apart.

End
file.